THE DODGE CITY TIMES

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THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time;

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

—*Longfellow.*

Longfellow.

At the very threshold of the returning season of song the purest and sweetest voice of all is hushed. The summer will come as of old along the banks of the slow-moving Charles, but the heart which opened to its touch, the eye that traced each fragrant advance, the hand that matched color with color and note with note in loving rivalry with nature are gone. The beauty which curtains the world with overhanging heavens, clothes its plains with vestures of perennial freshness and garlands its mountains with returning flowers to the edge of the eternal winter among their peaks has lost an interpreter who could translate its most mysterious speech into common phrase. Other eyes will look no less deeply into its secrets of loveliness, other voices will catch no less clearly its inner cadence and melody, but the world will wait long for another who shall make the humblest see and the poorest hear with the eye and the ear of the most gifted.

Longfellow was pre-eminently an interpreter. He had in rare degree that pervasive and all-embracing sympathy which catches the tones of other ages and races as quickly and as naturally as the musician recalls the popular melodies of the day. His nature was so harmonious that he seemed to be able to dismiss himself entirely from his thought and keep open heart and mind for every comer. And the harmony, repose and sweetness of his character made him almost without conscious art the sweetest singer of his time. His verse flowed out of the depths of a pure heart, and its transparent currents reflect at every turn the stainless heavens.

It was no accident which directed the steps of this poet to that older world of history and song beyond the seas. He was to be the interpreter of the history preserved there to the new life unfolding here. It is only the blind fanatic who rails against the past, and would cut the race off from its heritage of years. The thinker knows that in those vanishing ages the seeds of this present found soil and root; the poet sees still more clearly the invisible and indestructible ties which bind to-day with remotest antiquity. In his inspiring outlook whatever was arbitrary and accidental fades out, and the continuous life of the race becomes one wide stream, rich with the colors of all the skies under which it has flowed and crowded with fleets of imperishable memories. Before our own mental life could find its place and work it was necessary that some gifted man should give us the master tones of that distant and multitudinous life beyond the Atlantic that we might complete the harmony with a new and native note. How perfectly Longfellow performed that office! The clear, strong tones of the Northern Saga, the rich, mystic melody of mediæval times, the grand, passionate strain of the Italy of the Renaissance, are all heard in the ample verse of this master of song. The organ music of history no less than the simple melody of home life acknowledged his mastery. The "Tales of a Wayside Inn," the "Golden Legend" and the "Divine Tragedy," are all transcriptions such as only a poet of the most sympathetic genius could have produced. Longfellow's heart was in the new world while his imagination was in the old, but there was no divorce between them. He faced the future even while he paused to hear those muffled melodies of a far-off time, and so he became the interpreter of Europe to America in the realm of the imagination. He gave us a historic consciousness, established our claim upon the past and made us feel that we had part and lot in it, diffused the atmosphere of European culture, and bridged the chasm between the old and the new. How much he aided in the work of bringing about that intellectual equilibrium between ourselves and Europe, so necessary before we could hope for great native work, no one can tell; but that he is read by the light of English firesides as no English poet save Tennyson is read is evidence that he has not failed of a great and adequate recognition on both sides of the sea.

Best of all, Longfellow was an interpreter of life in the widest and most beautiful sense. There were some strains beyond his reach, but of melodies that sing themselves and rise like visions of angels in the dark places of experience, who has produced so many? Not for him the sounding line of Homer, the almost superhuman insight of Shakespeare, the awful journeyings of Dante; but all the dear, familiar paths along which men and women walk and toil and suffer, the sunlit solitudes where summer lies sleeping in supernal stillness; for him, beyond all else, the homes of the world.

There are many who give to the solitary mountain peaks of song few and careless glances, but who turn habitually to the words of Longfellow. The dear firelight of home lends them a glory which the greatest poet might envy; memories have gathered thickly round them, experience has translated them, verse by verse, from the outer to the inner life. This poet, who had loved much and suffered much, touched life in its great historic incidents, and in its most familiar scenes and found the same elements of beauty and power in the highest and the lowest; to him the commonest flower that wastes itself along the highway nourished its roots in the same soil and unfolded its petals under the same sky as the rarest exotic. Standing in the world of homely, familiar things, he had daily vision of the unseen world of beauty and truth which overhangs and encircles the meanest life, and he made himself its interpreter.

If there is a higher work than this, which made every affection an open door into Heaven, every duty a straight path to God, every flower a symbol of Infinite Love and every life a possible heroism, it has not been revealed to men. Blessed, indeed, are they who are called to be interpreters of the invisible and eternal truth and beauty, to whom the vision and the song are both given, and whose path, like the career of the dead poet whom the whole world loved, shineth more and more unto the perfect day.—*Christian Union.*

King Theebaw's Last Victim.

Among the reports which have reached us from Mandalay (writes our Rangoon correspondent) is one to the effect that the King has still an insatiable thirst for blood, his latest victim being the son of one of the princes deported to Chunar for his share in the rebellion of 1866. It would appear that Theebaw's serious illness in December last caused some of his courtiers to cast about for a successor in the event of the King's death. Their choice fell on the young Prince referred to, but unfortunately for their arrangements, the King got well, and proceeded forthwith to wreak his vengeance on the young Prince. A velvet sack and the waters of the Irrawaddy closed the career of the aspiring monarch, while his followers, three in number, were summarily dispatched.—*London News.*

A New Sam Patch.

Among the remarkable athletes in New York is Mr. Robert Donaldson, harness manufacturer. Mr. Donaldson was born in Tain, Highlands of Scotland, twenty-six years ago. He is five feet seven and a half inches high, and weighs 154 pounds. He measures thirty-six inches around the chest and thirty-eight around the waist. He is as compactly built as Edward Hanlan, the sculler, although his muscles are more flexible.

Mr. Donaldson was introduced to a *Sun* reporter yesterday by Mr. Richard K. Fox as a gentleman who was desirous of making a bet that he would jump from the Brooklyn Bridge into the East River.

A glance into Mr. Donaldson's eyes failed to reveal any gleam of madness or reckless daring. In fact he was very mild-mannered and quiet.

"Have you ever jumped from great heights, Mr. Donaldson?"

"A hundred times."

"In public?"

"Only three times in public."

"Where?"

"Once in Sunderland and twice at High Bridge."

"When did you jump from High Bridge?"

"August 12 and 18, 1880. When I appeared on the bridge in tights, an Excise Commissioner of New York bet me $25 that I wouldn't jump. When he paid me the $25, afterward, he said the sight was worth the money. I would have bet him $500 that I would make the jump safely. I am always perfectly confident, and confidence is nine-tenths of a battle."

"Do you think you could jump from Brooklyn Bridge and live?"

"I am certain of it. The bridge is only ten feet higher than High Bridge. Besides, the water is lumpy and safer. There is only ten feet of water under High Bridge. I prefer broken water to a smooth surface."

"Do you practice before making a leap?"

"Always. I go to some retired place, where I can get a jump of forty feet, so as to make sure of my position when I go down."

"What is your style of dropping?"

"I crouch with bended knees, and hop off with my elbows nearly a foot from my sides, with my forearms and palms of my hands flat in front of my breast. I work my hands a little, like the flutter of a bird's wings. The first fifty feet I drop like a shot, then the air catches under my hands, my arms, armpits, chin, and even my ears. It takes four seconds to drop one hundred feet. I breathe while I am descending, and clap my hands over my chest and press my elbows to my sides just as I strike the water. All my vital parts are protected. My knees guard my stomach. I believe I could drop safely a distance of one thousand feet if I could be sure of striking feet first in my crouched position."

"Did you jump from High Bridge the first time you visited it?"

"Oh, no; I always familiarize myself with a place from which I intend to jump. I went to High Bridge every morning for a week, and crouched with my toes on the edge of the wall. By that means I knew just where my body would catch the air, and just where I would breathe going down. Taking a long breath just before you start is all nonsense. You have to go easy and natural. If I should toss my head back at the start, it would land me on my head and shoulders and kill me. They told me at High Bridge that a man named France was walking on the bridge one day with two women, when he said: "Wait here until I go and get another drink, then I'll show you the greatest jump you ever did see. He got his drink and jumped straight down. After that he laid ten weeks in a hospital before he died. A German and a negro also lost their lives by jumping there."

"Can you swim well?"

"Ten miles, if necessary."

"What part of the year do you prefer for jumping?"

"May is the best time."

Mr. Fox said he would give Donaldson $100 if he would jump from the East River Bridge.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A Louisville bill collector called upon a debtor, as he says, 324 times before he got his money. Perseverance will saw a tree down with a hair-pin.—*Detroit Free Press.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pullman rode through Italy in one of their own palace cars, the first that was ever taken south of the Swiss lakes.

—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe lately received the gift from her brother, Mr. Sam Ward, of a very handsome house on Beacon street, in Boston.

—The London *Observer* thus closes a feeling tribute to Longfellow: "It is scarcely too much to say that since the death of Byron no living English poet enjoyed so wide a popularity as Longfellow."

—More ex-Senators of remote service are constantly appearing in the newspapers. John P. King, who is now living near Augusta, Ga., is said to have begun his duty as Senator earlier than any other man now in existence. His service began in 1833, and ended in 1837.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Dickens' "Christmas Carol" is now in the hands of a Birmingham bookseller, who offers the manuscript for sale. The remainder of Dickens' manuscripts are at the South Kensington Museum, excepting that of "Our Mutual Friend," which was brought to the United States by Mr. Childs.

—Among Longfellow's classmates at Bowdoin in 1825 were John S. C. Abbott, the popular historian; Jonathan Chilly, the Maine Congressman who fell in the duel with Representative William J. Graves, of the Louisville district; J. W. Bradley, the eminent lawyer and politician; George B. Cheever, the anti-slavery advocate; Nathaniel Hawthorne and others who achieved eminence.

—Charles O'Conor, of New York, has moved into his new house at Nantucket, overlooking Vineyard Sound. He is enjoying excellent health, and spends much of his time with his collection of books and pamphlets, which are ranged on the shelves of a large fire-proof library, twenty-five by sixty feet in size. He is said to be preparing an autobiography, in which special attention will be paid to some of the famous lawsuits in which he has been engaged.—*N. Y. Post.*

HUMOROUS.

—"What makes you look so deathly sick, Tommy?" "Well, the fac' 'f the matter is, I've been taking my first chew, and I am only a amachewer."

—Mrs. De Nudle—"Oh, Mr. Cattleranche, tell me, are you æsthetic?" Mr. Cattleranche—"Oh, dear, no, madame, not at all. Never had anything the matter with me in my life."

—It is rather unpleasant to hear a public speaker remark: "My friends-ur, I wish to say a few words-ur on this occasion-ur," etc.; but then we must remember that to ur is human.

—When a convict in Sing Sing Prison fails to iron twelve shirts a day, he is invited to "come over to the keeper's office and get paddled." It's a message that takes all the starch out of him.

—Six medical experts examined a man as to his sanity, and were evenly divided. After they had wrangled about it for a week it was discovered that they had examined the wrong person altogether.

—Some one took Charlie up and asked him if he was his papa's boy. He answered: "Yes." "And your mamma's boy, too?" "Yes," replied Charlie. "Well, how can you be papa's boy and mamma's both at the same time?" "Oh," replied Charlie, quite indifferently, "can't a wagon have two horses?"

—In London a lady prosecuted a handsome gentleman for kissing her at a railway station, although he explained that he had mistaken her for some one else, and had at the same time apologized. He got seven days hard labor. What made her mad was probably the fact that the handsome gentleman had not kissed her for herself."—*Philadelphia News.*

—Down at Old Bridge, in New Jersey, a woman got a forlorn man so drunk he couldn't stand, and then she sent for a Justice of the Peace, and while some of the neighbors held the unhappy and limber-jointed bacchanalian up, she married him. That's the kind of a hairpin a New Jersey woman is. When she has once made her "mash," no cold conventionalities of our false and much veneered social institutions may stand between her and her love if applejack only holds out.—*Hawkeye.*